

QUERIES & ANSWERS.

THE BLACK OR PURPLE MARTIN'S
MIGRATION SOUTHWARD.

ANTE-BELLUM EDITORS, AGAIN.

The Age of Joseph Jefferson—Evolution of Sun's Heat—Winter-Killed Fruit-Buds—How to Make Whitewash—Etc.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
What is the age of Joseph Jefferson? J. K. R.
Sixty-eight years. He was born in Philadelphia, February 20, 1828.

Pension Question.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Does the youngest child of a soldier of the war of 1812 receive the father's pension upon the death of the father and mother?

A SUBSCRIBER.

We are unable to do so.

Noelwa.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
To settle a difference of opinion, will you please state in your Sunday's paper the victor in the Heenan and Sayers battle and oblige A DAILY READER.

It was a draw, we think.

General Rosecrans.

To the Editors of the Dispatch:
Can you tell me in your Query column of Sunday's Dispatch if General Rosecrans is living; if so, what is his address?

Manchester, Va.

He lives at Los Angeles, Cal.

Blackstone.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Can you tell me if there is such an author as Blackstone, and what is his author of "W."

Fredrick H. Hall, Va.

William Blackstone was born at London July 10, 1723, and died at London February 31, 1780. He was a celebrated English jurist and Professor of Common Law at Oxford.

His chief work is *Commentaries on the Laws of England*.

Old Papers.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
I have some old papers dated in the thirties, such as speeches made in Congress and Senate, Presidents' messages, supply and charter, and fourth report of the stockholders of the Louisia railroad (now Chesapeake and Ohio). Some of these were issued in 1828 and 1829. Please let me know if there is any value attached to these; if so, advise me whom to correspond with. They are in pamphlet form. Very respectfully,

Tyler, Va.

A. R. M.

We do not think they are of value.

How to Make Whitewash.

To a correspondent: The following is the formula for making the whitewash used at the penitentiary:

First make a "putty" as follows: To every gallon of water add one quart of lime and one gill of salt. Stir the mixture constantly until it is thoroughly slaked; then let it stand until it is cool—say, forty-four hours. This makes "putty" ready to use.

Then to every gallon of "putty" add one gallon of water. If the wash be found too thick, add more water. Use Rock-lime.

The Black Martin.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
The black martin makes its appearance here about the 8th of April and remains till August. When he disappears can you tell me where he goes?

W. R. Abbville, Va.

The black or purple martin (*Progne subis*) breeds commonly in the United States, but in the autumn migrates southward and passes the winter beyond our southern border. It is a regular winter resident in Mexico and Central America, but is apparently rare in the West Indies, where it is replaced by another closely-related species.

A Soldier Charged With Murder.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Can, or cannot, a person wanted for murder, having joined the regular army, be arrested by civil authorities wherever found?

We quote from the Army Regulations:

"Article 33. When any officer or soldier is accused of a capital crime, or of any offence against the person or property of any citizen of any of the United States, which is punishable by the laws of the land, the commanding officer, and the officers of the regiment, troop, battery, company, or detachment, to which the person so accused belongs, are required, except in time of war, upon application duly made by or on behalf of the party injured, to use their utmost endeavor to deliver him over to the civil magistrate, and to call the officers of the

regiment and securing him, in order to bring him to trial. If, upon such application, any officer refuses or wilfully neglects, except in time of war, to deliver over such accused person to the civil magistrates, or to all the officers of justice in apprehending him, he shall be dismissed from the service."

The Sun's Heat.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Please inform me in your next Sunday's Query column where the sun gets its heat from to keep up the heat of the sun.

Yours truly,
CLAUDE A. KESEESE.

Keeing, Va.

The sun's heat is not due to combustion or the burning of "fuel" of any kind. If it were, a solid lump of anthracite coal (about the best fuel we know), it would not last over 6,000 years from the time it began to burn, and it has already lasted much longer than that. The generally accepted theory is that the heat is kept up by the slow contraction, or falling in, of the sun; and it is calculated that a contraction of 225 feet in the radius of the sun annually would account for the whole annual output of heat. It would take some 2,000 years of this contraction to make the sun visibly smaller (with our best instruments) to us on the earth. The theory is hard to believe, but is most probably the true one. Consider some good astronomy.

Winter-Killed Trees.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Will you please answer in your Query column if a peach-tree bearing fruit can be killed if its fruits in dead of winter?

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Richmond, Va.

If we understand the inquiry of our correspondent aright he desires to know whether or not a peach-tree bearing fruit can be killed if its fruits in dead of winter?

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

If the buds can be winter-killed, especially if the fall has been late and warm and the wood has not been thoroughly matured.

Generally the buds are more or less injured when the buds are winter-killed, although the tree, in most instances, will

entirely recover, providing the frozen wood is removed.

Climatic conditions have much to do in this matter. In some sections the buds will be destroyed at one or two degrees below zero, should the cold continue for several days. In other sections we have known the peach-bud to endure from ten to twelve degrees below zero.

Of course, buds on immature wood would not endure this low temperature. Peach-buds, will endure a much lower temperature when the atmosphere is dry and calm than when humid.

Ante-Bellum Editors.

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J. K. R.

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L. M. Grafton, Va.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
The Dispatch in its list of "Ante-Bellum Editors" now living, omits one very prominent one of this country. Captain William B. Lynch became editor of the *Leeburg Washingtonian* in 1851, succeeding the late C. C. McIntyre. Captain Lynch left his paper in 1852 to enter the army with the Loudoun Guards, of which company he was a lieutenant. His company was in the Seventeenth Regiment, Virginia Infantry, of Gen. Lee's Brigade, Ante-Bellum Division, Confederate States army. He was made captain in 1862. With this command he served during the entire war, and was well known then and since for his gallantry and faithfulness to duty always. He has always retained his editorship of the *Washingtonian*, being one of the oldest editors, in point of service, in this State. He has charge of an influential journal, is a 16 to 1 Silver Democrat, the world to the contrary, notwithstanding, and, withal, one of the most highly esteemed citizens of Loudoun.

The Richmond Dispatch of last Sunday undertakes to point out a list of ante-bellum Virginia editors, and strangely and inaccurately enough it omits the name of the man who has been as prominent, if not more so, than any on its list. We deduce to Judge James B. Sener, who edited the *Democratic Recorder* of this city in the fall of 1850, and continued its editor until the paper was destroyed in the bombardment—Fredericksburg Star.

The Word "Creole."

St. Sophia's Home, Little Sisters of the Poor, Richmond, April 8, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
There are so many diverse opinions as to the true meaning of the word Creole, that writers think it proper to give it a brief definition.

"Come, young uns, can't you set up to little more erector?" And when the tardy pupin came in and left the door slightly ajar, the teacher said, sharply:

"You go back and shew that door shut," after which he said, apologetically to the visitor:

"I try to learn 'em manners but it's durned uphill work."

Not So Easy as it Looked.

(Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.)

A Rochester woman, whose husband objected to the bicycle on general principle, went to a riding academy in his absence and commenced to take lessons. When the head of the house returned, she had become a mistress of the wheel. She was much troubled as to how she

would get rid of her new hobby.

An honest woman's fame, His genius and his pen Secured for him an honored place "Mong England's lettered men."

N. B. We do not read unsigned letters.

Uphill Work.

(Harper's Bazaar.)

One cannot be surprised at the slow progress of education in certain parts of Arkansas, where a visitor to that State recently heard a rural schoolteacher say to his pupils:

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A Charade.

(For the Dispatch.)

If you can only SECOND And through your life retain The approval of your pen You'll not live in vain.

Men will call you blessed, In life as well as death.

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A Small Spot May be Cancer!

"It was merely a mole at first, and for a long time was so insignificant that I gave it no thought whatever."

These words of a recent correspondent contain an accurate description of the first symptoms of the most violent and destructive cancers as they appear in nine cases out of ten. A slight scab, a small sore, a lump in the breast—a mere spot, harmless as they appear for a time, have developed into cancers of the most dangerous and obstinate form.

Cancer is becoming so prevalent that such symptoms as the above, which refuse to heal and disappear under ordinary treatment, may well be regarded with suspicion.

Being a blood disease, it is folly to expect Cancer to be cured by a surgical operation.

The knife never did and never will cure a blood disease, and every time it is resorted to, a life is threatened with sacrifice.

The only known cure for this dreadful disease is S. S. S. (Swift's Specific), as is shown by the indisputable testimony of the many whom it has cured.

Mr. William Walpole, of Walpole, South Dakota, writes: "About three years ago, there came under my left eye a little blotch about the size of a small pea. It grew rapidly, and shooting pains ran in every direction. I became alarmed and consulted a good doctor, who pronounced it cancer, and said that it must be cut out. This I would not consent to, having little faith in the indiscriminate use of the knife. Reading of the many cures made by S. S. S., I determined to give that medicine a trial, and after I had taken it a few days, the cancer became irritated and began to discharge. This after awhile ceased, leaving a small scab, which finally dropped off, and though a healthy little scar remains to mark the place where the destroyer had held full sway.

Some one then recommended S. S. S. and though little hope remained, she began it, and an improvement was noticed. The cancer commenced to heal, and when she had taken seven bottles it disappeared entirely, and although several years have elapsed not a sign of the disease has ever returned.

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For this dreadful disease is a real blood remedy—one purely vegetable, containing no potash, mercury, or other destructive mineral.

S. S. S. is the only blood remedy which reaches obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases, and hence it is the only cure for Cancer.

The disease can only be reached through the blood, and all local treatment, such as caustic plasters or a surgical operation, only adds to its tortures. Being often hereditary, Cancer, in some cases

does not appear until middle life, and it is of greatest importance that its first symptoms be carefully watched and S. S. S. promptly taken. S. S. S. is purely vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no mineral or other drug; it is not a drug.

We will mail our catalogues and prices. Out of town orders will have my prompt attention.

(Ga. 24-Su,Tu&Th)

The Only Hope

shop preparation, but is made from the roots and herbs of the forests. We will mail our book on Cancer and Blood diseases to any address. Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

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